

The World.

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J. ANGUS SHAW, Pres. and Treas., JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Sec'y.
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LETTERS TO BURN.

A PRIVATE LETTER may acquire historic and pecuniary value, or it may develop a boomerang vitality for mischief, quite irrespective of time, or of the ordinary, normal hazards of circumstance. It may crop up unexpectedly and make all sorts of trouble. It may disappear—as did a package of nine tied with “rather faded pink ribbon,” in the local celebrated case now before the public—and raise a fearful rumpus involving lawyers, detectives and policemen, in addition to the principals in the affair. It may do both of these alarming things in quick succession. The lighter the missive, the heavier its consequences. The more private its contents, the wider its publicity when once it gets started on its supplementary career. There are no end of humorous possibilities, but it is a shuddering sort of fun.

A letter deliberately faked, garbled, or misused with malicious intent—a postscript of the current “Dick-to-Dick” type, for instance—is not liable to do half as much harm as a genuine and comparatively innocent missive fallen into the wrong box.

A letter sent through the mails becomes the property in trust of the person to whom it is addressed. At the same time the right to publish such a letter remains with the writer. This partnership of interest between sender and recipient simply provides two horns to the dilemma. Between the two, the letter slips out and gets into print, and then the whole universe is “in on it.”

Under such circumstances the necessity of taking precautions in matters of correspondence is obvious. Talleyrand's cynical advice, never to write a letter and never to destroy one, is not only impracticable, but illogical—for if everybody followed it there would be no letters to destroy. Since we must write occasionally, and have no means of compelling our correspondents to burn their correspondence, the only safe thing to do is to sterilize our letters and make them publicity-proof before dropping them into that modern Lion's Mouth, the post-office.

Remember, the private letter is a confessional, whose sanctity is not guaranteed inviolate.

4,582 DEAD IN THE STREETS.

THE Health Department makes public the figures sent in by its contractors for the removal of dead horses and other animals from the streets of the Greater City during the week of torrid weather ending (the week ended, the weather didn't) on Saturday night last. It is a sad and humiliating record.

The number of horses that died in New York City during this terrible week was 948, as compared with 447 in the corresponding week in 1910. Of dead or doomed cats and dogs, no less than 3,617 were taken up.

From the utilitarian point of view, it is only the horses that count. Morally, this wholesale heartless abandonment of the dogs and cats—helpless animals victimized as “pets”—should smite heavily on the consciences of self-complacent citizens who rejoice that they belong to a great and flourishing Christian community.

Cos Cob Nature Notes

IT fairly makes us boil to read Farmer Fullerton's brag about the fertile soil of Long Island three feet deep and raising 20 bushels of potatoes to the acre which city folks sometimes pay \$1.50 per bushel for when they can't get any, while he knows perfectly well that all this “fertile soil” slid over from Connecticut some years ago. Cauliflower, cabbage and raspberries are also claimed in profusion, while our folks can scarcely raise a carrot. It made us further to sit on the depot platform and see showers springing all over Long Island, while here it is dry as a bone and Ray Walsh's water company will not let us squirt on the garden because it has sold too much water to Portchester for money, though, goodness knows, we pay enough for what we don't get.

OUR Taxpayers' Association, which is composed of people who are afraid their taxes will be raised, has been formally endorsed by the Hon. James F. Walsh and Hon. F. A. Hubbard. This insures its permanent prosperity. The association has recommended Charles A. Moore president, although he is absent in Rome doing whatever it is that the Romans do.

THE editor of the Greenwich Graphic has scored one on his contemporaries, the News and Press. He has served on the outer wall of his establishment an interesting automobile device full of fresh roasted peanuts. By dropping a penny in what is called the slot and pushing something a handful of peanuts falls into the receptacle provided, from which it is easy for the purchaser to extract them and proceed to enjoy this intellectual fodder. Peanuts are nourishing and are an aid to digestion.

EVEN our most hopeful citizens have given up the idea that State Highwayman Macdonald is going to plant anything on what was once the Post road. None thought last fall when he first ploughed the thoroughfare up that he intended to seed down winter wheat, but this was a wrong guess. When spring came it seemed as if fate were the proper thing. By June it appeared there was nothing left to do except to sow blackseed and turn it under and then try red clover, so as to grow fertilizer for misanthropic crops next year. This has not been done. We always knew he couldn't build roads. Now it appears he cannot even farm it intelligently.

THE salary of our Rental Postmaster, Charles M. Mudgett, has been raised to \$1,200 per annum. This makes some of our citizens feel like being Democrats about 1912. What?

AFTER some six years in the sun, some enterprising person has shifted the depot bench to a place in the shade. This shows that progress is by no means dead in our midst.

Interesting Bits of Information.

RECORD breaking teachers' assembly was recently held at the Philippine Normal School. Over nine hundred provincial teachers reported for duty, says the Manila Times. The study was largely of special industrial instruction and methods of teaching. Industrial education is at present one of the islands' stages of the people have to be literally taught how to work.

The Andover Theological Seminary has stored at Andover its library of 6,000 volumes; these books will be moved to the library of the new building in Cambridge on motor trucks. It is interesting to know that the road which these books will travel by way of Lawrence, Reading and Wakefield

The Unwelcome Guest.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Jarrs Try to Lure Cupid Aboard an Excursion Boat and Make Him Pierce a Perfectly Good Heart

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By Roy L. McCardell.

“THIS” reminds me of when I lived in Indiana,” said Mrs. Dusenberry.

Mrs. Dusenberry was speaking of the basket picnic to Glen Island, to which the Jarrs, the Ranglers, the Terwilligers, Cora Hickett and her mother, Miss Clara Mudridge and dashing Jack Silver, the exasperating bachelor, were all going.

“Out in Indiana,” Mrs. Dusenberry drawled on, “I belonged to the Order of Royal Neighbors, and we used to get up infirmary of all sorts, such as fish fries and barbecues. My husband was a millwright, and we were very poor before he took out his patent for—”

“No, we didn’t go to the coronation this year,” said Mrs. Hickett, as though implying she went last year and would go next.

Her remark was levelled at Clara Mudridge, and was rude, in a measure, because Mrs. Dusenberry was telling Mrs. Hickett the story of her life, deeming Mrs. Hickett might be interested, as Mrs. Hickett was, like herself, a matron past middle age.

But Mrs. Hickett's mind was not concerned with the Royal Neighbors of Indiana. She was interested in style and society, and discussed stage folk most intimately.

“I ain't been here in New York long and don't feel settled yet, because I ain't found a church that suits me,” went on the lady from Indiana. “I want one that has a preacher who terrifies sinners and—”

“Have you done anything to offend your sinners?” asked Cora Hickett, with a malicious twinkle.

This was to Clara Mudridge, Mr. Silver having been called off by Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle, who led the bachelor behind the pin-house of the boat, where Mr. Rangle drew a flat brown bottle from his hip pocket.

“If those men are going to start to drink,” said Mrs. Jarr, “I’m going right back home.”

She didn't say how, she could accomplish this feat, the boat being half way to its destination up the Sound.

“A nip of Riker won't hurt 'em, so long as there ain't a jugful of it with 'em,” said Mrs. Dusenberry, consolingly.

“I finds that men drinks most at barytins. I ain't never forgot the time we lived eighteen miles out of Ryeaville, in Dunker Township, when Mel Beams died of a complication. He had a big funeral, the remains being carried on a Democrat.”

“A what?” asked Mrs. Rangle sharply.

She was an ardent Democrat herself, for the reason that her husband was a staunch Republican—this being the main thing they could quarrel about, as strange to say, they both belonged to the same religious denomination.

“A Democrat. We generally carried them on Democrats,” said Mrs. Dusenberry. “I means a light spring wagon, you know,” she added.

“The name's an insult, and I do not want to hear any more about it,” snapped Mrs. Rangle.

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